

## Broken Chair

Luna

I thought about it every day  
While I was wondering in and out of the pink  
You had to make another go  
You were drowning in your wonderful drink  
There's so much of madness here  
So much that sinks  
Act like you are, we're all in a terrible fable  
What do you see

I'm running so fast  
Gotta go where I need  
Out on the road there  
The devil knows what I see

Sometimes you gotta know  
You gotta make it with a lot of the sane  
Had to be another Joe  
Drifting in and out of the way  
So much I used to let by  
Was so much like a kick in the head  
Better be off and I better be able to see what's ahead

It's beautiful now  
I tell myself I'm braver  
Sorry somehow  
Never know what it means to you